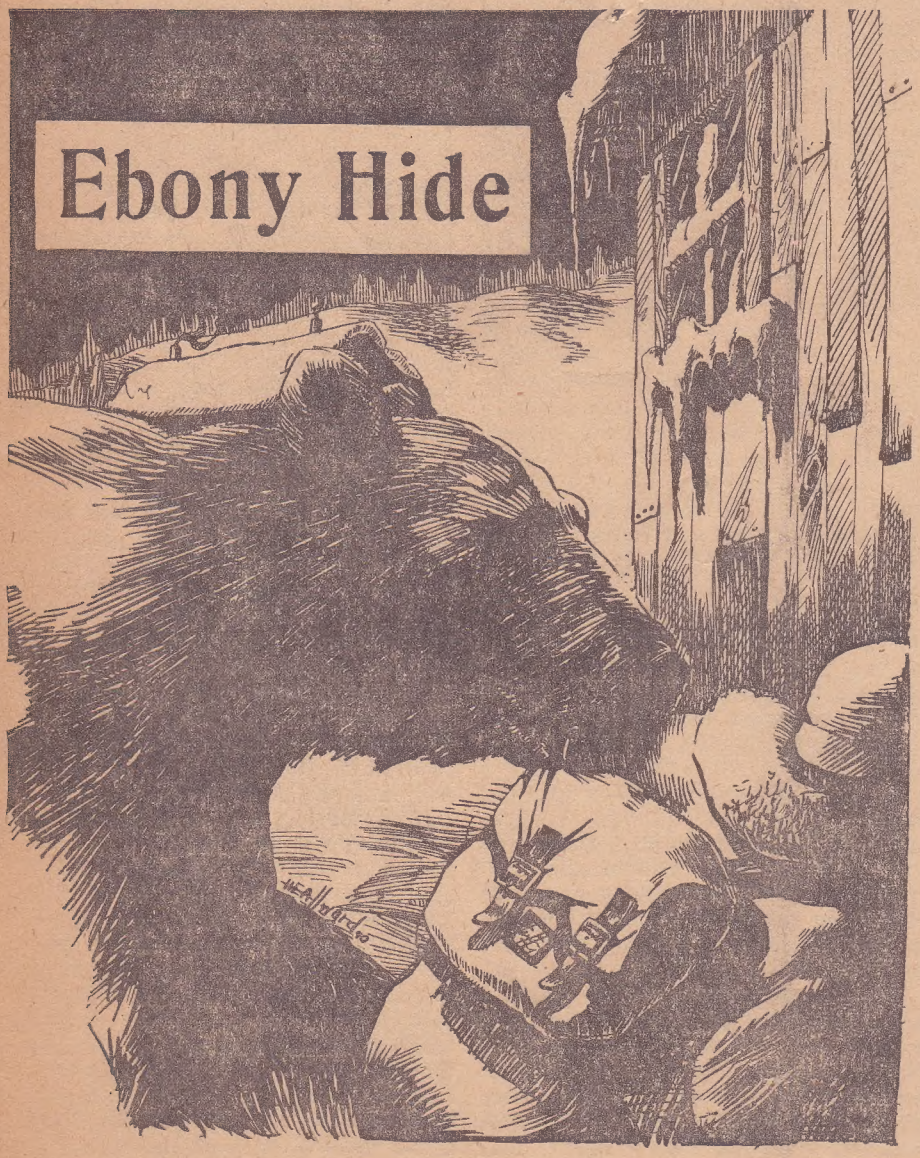
NORTHERN MESSENGER

Rates Inside | Montreal, January 18, 1941. | 78th Year



Ebony Hide

By SAMUEL ALEXANDER WHITE

For the Messenger

THE early spring day on Lake Superior's North Shore had been blotted out by a blizzard which tied up shipping on the great inland sea and put an end temporarily to trapping on the land trails. Over the Laurentian ridges the storm blew like a hurricane, and the scythe of the sleet cut like a giant knife. For over twelve hours the spruce groves on the hills had locked with the blast in mighty throes, striving like a thousand grim wrestlers in action.

All day the plumed tops had bent, and slipped, and writhed, till dark walked over the Height of Land and brought cessation from the struggle. A steady fall of snow had come with the dark.

The tempest tossed it into windrows about the Franz camp, and, as if in a sudden whim, disappeared swiftly toward mid-lake down over Michipicoten. With the dying out of the blizzard, the denizens of the Algoma forest got their first chance to feed that day, and the night prowlers of the wilderness arose from their lairs and ventured forth.

Out of Silver Cave, Ebony-Hide, the mate of Shuffler, the big bear, came from her lair with the other prowlers. She had awakened from her long winter sleep with the fat all gone. The spring days found her ravenously hungry and none too steady on her legs. She would much rather have gone to sleep again than essayed a hunt for food, but she felt compelled to eat.

In front of the tunnel-like entrance to Silver Cave, high up on the ridges overlooking the Franz camp, Ebony-Hide paused to sniff the direction of the wind. From north, it had gone north-west, and it promised to turn still farther west, perhaps south-west at last, with a taste of milder weather. Below her Ebony-Hide could see the lights of the railway camp. They winked like stars now and then, and some went out, like shooting comets in the skies. Men were preparing for sleep themselves and getting into bed after an idle day in camp which seemed more tiring than the strenuous labor on the line. Ebony-Hide, too, had a deep-rooted love for her couch, and her lair in the Silver Cave was very warm. She wanted to go back to rest again, but the emptiness in her stomach drove her on. She scrambled down the snow-plastered granite toward the camp lights.

For nearly twelve months Ebony-Hide had been known to the men of the C.P.R. Her black form was just as familiar to them as that of Shuffler, who had raided their caches so often and once fallen through a bunkhouse roof. She had been at odds with them on more than one occasion, particularly when her cubs were by her side, and she acted as if the gangs on the new steel were usurping her rightful territory. In this she was not without reason. The usurpers had spotted the country with flag-stations and laborers' camps and cleared paths through her choice berry patches. Everywhere she went now she came on the serpentine curves of their shining rails, and if she followed the streams for fish, she encountered their numerous temporary bridges. She revenged herself for this desecration of her foraging grounds by frequent trips with Shuffler to their log caches and canvas tents. Down at Michipicoten the lake boats landed great cargoes of supplies. Packers and voyageurs brought it up the river trail. So there was always something to be found within the camp's confines in poor hunting weather.

Ebony-Hide did not know the romance of the wilderness that lurked in the building of the steel. She went quite unthrilled through the cold spring night, making for the Franz boundaries where her cunning had discovered many a midnight meal while the tired gangs slept unconscious of her prowling. They never heard her at night, but morning always revealed her presence in immense padded foot-prints and in the loss of goods. True, they had tracked her for long distances on these visits. They had set the famed huskies, Gray-Muzzle, Winter-Foot and Frost-Mane upon her. Poisoned bacon had been spread to entice her, and Bob Ruthland had fashioned his heaviest deadfalls in an effort to gain possession of her hide. Yet none of these snares availed. Ebony-Hide was still in good health, more alive than ever after her hibernation and hungrier than any spring she could recall.

Men knew her lair was in the Silver Cave, but Ebony-Hide had a method of disappearing into the rocks that suggested melting into them. Once she reached her chosen abode, she simply vanished, as spring snow goes in a moment before the warm sun. Nobody had even seen her winter couch, although Charlie Wampum, the Ojibway guide, had reached the brushwood-choked crevasse which formed the vestibule of her home. Gray-Muzzle, Winter-Foot and Frost-mane were with him, but Shuffler, the black giant, was with Ebony-Hide, and in the battle that followed in the awkward crevasse, the huskies were driven back.

At times sentinels were posted at the Franz camp with rifles ready to despatch the robber bears when they appeared. Bob Ruthland generally got this vigil, but somehow the wild things seemed to have Bob's scent from afar. While his night watch was set, neither Shuffler nor Ebony-Hide appeared. However, should Bob go off duty in disgust, a bear raid was staged without delay.

Under the cold vault of this spring night, Ebony-Hide had reached the Franz camp limits earlier than was her custom, and cautiously she made a round of the residency cabins where there was any prospect of a meal. She was doomed to disappointment round the engineers' quarters. The log buildings were closed tightly against the all-day storm. Because they had grown accustomed to bear raids, Roderick Landsdale in the residency and Percy Marston in the cookhouse had left no supplies exposed.

Silently Ebony-Hide passed on to the centre of the camp. Now there were no lights winking out like falling stars. Everybody seemed to be asleep. The bear lurched along the main tote-road, winding among the roots and stubs of saplings where the axe had cleared the path. Sometimes she was wallowing in the drifts of the spring blizzard. At other times she slipped and sprawled full-length on the ice of congealed pools. Cookhouse and bunkhouse loomed ahead, black as charred buildings against the white drifts. Over Ebony-Hide's head the frigid stars quivered in the frost of upper space. The rising moon shone like a silver scimitar. While on the northern horizon the aurora hissed and boiled, with a sound like rubbing silk, as it geysered in a weird pyrotechnic display.

The bear sought the sheltered side of the nearest shack and passed on to the second, and the third. There was a whole row of these dilapidated shacks where workmen seeking registration on the payroll housed themselves for a night or two. The trail was only a depression between rocks and uprooted stumps. It was deep with snow, where the wind had whipped all hollows full, and as Ebony-Hide shuffled through the loose stuff, she became aware of something blundering and kicking the drifts in her face as it stumbled toward her.

The bear stopped abruptly. Vaguely she sensed the oncoming shape as a man-shape. It was bent double, as if through fighting the wind all day, and encrusted with snow and hoar frost. If the man-shape had not been so swathed with the breath of the elements, Ebony-Hide might have caught the old familiar scent of Bob Ruthland, which so often tainted the wild prowlers' trails. On trail from Michipicoten, Ruthland had been caught out in the blizzard. For twelve hours he had battled it, and he was at his last breath. His senses were reeling with exhaustion, and his feet were weighted down as with leaden clogs. He caught one snowshoe on the other and pitched senseless at Ebony-Hide's very nose.

Ruthland had not even seen the bear as he collapsed. All he had sensed was the shadowy loom of the shacks of the camp to which he had fought his way as he warded off the white death. He knew he was home at last, but a few feet short of shelter, and he realized with his last clear thought before unconsciousness smote him, that he had lost his battle with the storm at his very goal. He tried to cry out. Right there in that shack was his partner Tony Cerigo. If Tony heard——

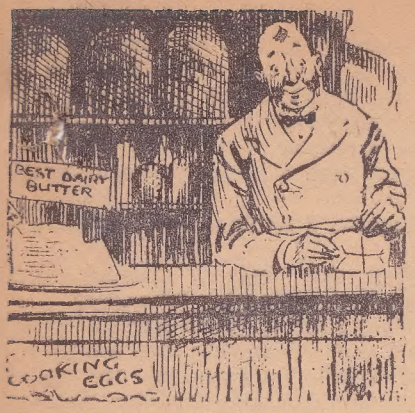
But Tony was snoring. Ruthland's throat could not utter a sound. He moved his arms, as if his hands might beat a tattoo on the shack door and summon the Greek foreman to his aid. The arms would not lift far enough. His muscles were numb. He dreamed the frost-dream that in a few minutes would mean oblivion.

Ebony-Hide's cold nose touched Ruthland's face. At his sudden fall, she had backed off, turned to run, then gingerly reached forward to make sure about the man-shape. A moment before it had been in motion, alive. Now it lay still. Was it death? Ebony-Hide feared death in any form, even the tainted suspicion of death. Also she feared man. Hesitating to touch the prone figure, she caught some faint aroma from the packsack that was strapped to Bob Ruthland's broad shoulders. There was a bit of bacon in the packsack, and coffee, and sugar, likewise a little flour and a cold flapjack or two. The scent of food came through to her nostrils where the man-scent failed. So she poked Bob with her nose to reassure herself that he was inanimate as a log.

Ruthland could no longer move. Even his breath seemed momentarily suspended. Ebony-Hide lost all fear. The food-scent was close to her nostrils now, and her hungry jaws fastened on the packsack. With a powerful jerk she heaved at it, but the straps were of leather and very strong. It did not give, and the jerk shifted Ruthland's body on the snow. With a gruff growl, Ebony-Hide took a stronger hold on the canvas contraption and swung her bulky shoulders as she endeavored to tear it away. The power of her swing lifted Ruthland higher, and as his helpless figure described a half-circle, his feet struck the shack door with a tremendous crack. The snowshoes clattered loudly against the wood, and thinking of bear raids which so often came in camp at night, Tony Cerigo jumped from his bunk.

Tony's stove was blazing against the night frost. He threw open the damper, illuminating the shack like a searchlight, and kicked wide the shack door. Bob Ruthland's feet and snowshoes

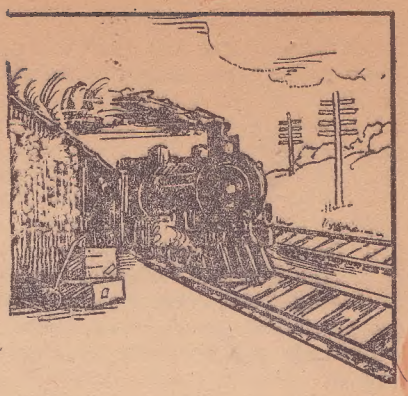
(Please turn to Page 13.)



Behind the Counter

By N. M. GEORGE

For the Messenger



ROBERT DOUCE leaned forward to look out of the train window as with the usual scream of brakes and hissing of steam the "local" came to a stop. The signboard on the little station read "Topville." The passenger rose, stretched himself to his full five feet nine inches, jammed a hat on his brown head, hauled down his bags from the rack and, overcoat over his arm, made for the door. He had in his bill-fold the advertisement clipped from a city paper that had brought him to Topville to clerk in the General Store for Ezra Sythe, proprietor. Mr. Sythe himself was on the platform. He approached the newcomer with the question: "Are you the new clerk I reckon to hire?"

Robert introduced himself and the two shook hands. Informal as his meeting with his new employer, was Robert's trip to his new home. Mr. Sythe piloted him round the station, across the cinder-paved yard to the road where stood an old Bennett waggon drawn by an equally aged gray horse.

The equipage looked odd to the city boy, but he had no time to wonder. Ezra Sythe hurried him into the wagon, his baggage was piled in after him and they rattled away, followed by the gaze of a small crowd of children and hangers-on to whom the coming of a new man to Topville was a great event.

Situated on the coast with fishing as its main industry, then farming, and an influx of tourists in the summer time, Topville was an easy-going town. The gray stone church on the hill was sparsely filled on Sundays and as usual the minister saw room for much community work, but had difficulty getting people to take leadership. Ezra Sythe had always been counted the leading merchant of the town and was capable of wielding a tremendous influence. But there was a streak of meanness in the old man's nature which kept him from doing anything except for personal gain. He refused to discard old stock in the store which *might* bring in a few cents as steadily as he refused to buy the car for which Mrs. Sythe periodically coaxed him. He had secret hopes of setting Robert to work collecting old bills at the store while he continued to work behind the counter, selling a little short and weighing a little light as had been his custom for a good many years.

Mrs. Sythe's life was one of daily protest against her husband's age, stinginess and unprogressiveness. When Robert was introduced to her in the hallway of the comfortable green-painted house, he was completely taken aback. He had been trying to size up Ezra who had a certain dignity in spite of the seediness of his best suit and whose manner was a mixture of shrewdness and pleasantry. It was a shock to find "Mrs. Ezra" wearing a white sport sweater with a tremendous red bow tie, "some sort of red skirt" as the boy inwardly put it, and black spike-heeled pumps. She extended a hand that showed many successful visits to the fifteen-cent jewelry counter and greeted him with all the vividness of youthful days, perhaps a remembrance of Ezra when he was a clerk.

Robert greeted her naturally, but puzzled in his own mind how she could possibly think that she looked nice in those clothes. He compared her to his mother. "I wonder," he thought, "is mother old or young? She never looks or acts like that." And mentally he sighed with gratitude for his mother's good taste.

* * *

AFTER supper all went into the living room, resplendent with a new chesterfield suite, radio and piano. Robert seated himself in one of the armchairs with its gay sleazy covering of tapestry, and the conversation of the evening began. Mrs. Sythe plied him with questions as to his past life, activities and accomplishments.

No lawyer ever did a more thorough job. She found out that when Robert was about three years old his father went over with the 93rd and never returned. His mother received a pension and was not dependent on Robert for his salary. He expected to save his money and go to college. He was a member of the United Church of Canada. He did not smoke, drink, or bet. He was interested in athletics, had won a cup and four medals for long distance running, a cup for debating, and a medal for swimming. He played baseball, basketball and hockey; he took gym training, and could box and wrestle. He played the piano, sang in the choir and taught Sunday School in his home town.

Ezra also found out what he wanted to know about the young man. Robert had passed Grade XI successfully with over fifty per cent on everything except French. He had taken a correspondence course from the Technical College which had prepared him for his work in the store. He had worked in a store in his home town on Saturdays and done house-to-house canvassing for personal greeting cards and other small wares.

* * *

THERE came a pause in the conversation in which Mrs. Sythe asked Robert to try her piano. He looked over the sheets of music, and began to play "Pal of my Cradle Days." Then he gave them "The Old Spinning Wheel in the Parlor," and "When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain." Then came some of his favorite hymns: "In the Garden", and the familiar hymn from his Tuxis training camp days, "Just as I Am Thine Own to Be." It was a strange coincidence that he concluded with "There's a Friend for Little Children." That very hymn had been played fifteen years before in that parlor, darkened when two grief-stricken parents had listened to it at the funeral of their only little son, drowned at the age of three. Had this little Harold lived he would have been just Robert's age.

Old Ezra thought of that as he sat hunched in the corner of the chesterfield thinking of tomorrow and plans for the store. The singing of the hymn brought back vivid recollections. He felt uncomfortably that he would not have wanted his own son to know he cut goods short or gave too few ounces for a pound of sugar.

Mrs. Sythe was more upset than her husband though she did not show it. Her heart was softened by the recollection and her respect for Robert grew considerably. She was very quiet after

the hymn-singing and her tone and manner were noticeably different as she bade Robert goodnight.

He was shown his room and was glad to be alone. The room was just like the ordinary bedrooms found in country homes, but it had what Robert counted a luxury, a large dormer window facing the ocean: he could hear it roaring now but he could not see it as the night was dark and starless. The other window, overlooking farms and wasteland, would, he knew, face the sunrise.

He unpacked, and put his clothes in their proper places, poured water in the white basin on which blue and pink birds took the risk of being drowned, washed himself and prepared for his night's work. He had come with the fixed intention of working every night on his Grade XII, as that would save a whole year's expense in college. After some time of study he sat and thought of home, of his mother and of his father whom he could scarcely remember. If he could only keep this place for one year he could save enough for a year in Theological College. After that, ways usually open up if one has grit. Robert prayed for that, kneeling beside the feather bed which puffed up around his face enough to smother him.

Then at last he turned in, but not to sleep. After twisting and turning awhile he arose, lit the lamp and pushed the offending feather "tick" on the floor, spread the sheets and covers on the straw mattress, lay down and finally drifted into slumber.

* * *

EARLY next morning Robert awoke to a variety of pleasant sounds: the chug, chug, of the motor boats, the fishermen making their morning calls to the numerous lobster traps that were set along the coast, the soft coo of the pigeons on the roof. He heard the songs of the birds in the trees and the loud shrieks of the sea gulls as they flew back and forth over the wharves to find their breakfast; the raucous whir of a mowing machine in the distance and nearer a farmer whetting his scythe to mow hay while the dew was still on the grass. Sounds near and far told Robert that he was in a strange place with different surroundings, and that this was his first day in Topville.

His job was the first thought to flit through his mind. How he longed to make good, his first real job; different, of course, from anything he ever expected, but a job just the same; he determined right there to make it the best job he possibly could.

He arose, dressed and washed and kept his morning watch by reading from his Bible, which had been presented to him by his Tuxis square.

His Sunday School Quarterly supplied him with the daily reading; he wondered if there was a Sunday School in this town.

He descended the stairs, and as no one was yet stirring he went for a walk to have a look at the surroundings.

He strolled towards the shore as there seemed to be more people moving around there. First he went through the lobster factory. Although so early in the morning, men and boys were already returning from their work of hauling traps, bringing in the greenish-grey creatures with their claws grasping in all directions. It was a sight worth seeing to Robert as he had never before seen a live lobster. Robert picked up one of the largest to have a nearer look at the strange fellow, but he was not at all pleased with the grip a lobster can give with a handshake. Robert let out a wild howl, much to the amusement of the fisher lads, but he laughed with them, and tried to shake off Mr. Lobster; but not until a boy pried open the claw from his thumb did he free himself.

The very first handshake he had received in Topville, other than from the Sythes, was far too tenacious.

* * *

THE boys, seeing he could laugh with them even when the joke was on himself were favorably impressed with the new arrival. He stayed to watch them put the lobsters in the big boiler and see them come out red.

The factory boys showed him how to handle the lobster and keep out of the way of his claws; they gave him some freshly boiled flesh and were alarmed to see how much he ate before breakfast; lobster was not a luxury to them as it was to Robert. He watched them crack the claws and split the tails to take out the meat. He saw it carried up to the packing room where girls in white washed it, lined the shiny tin cans with special paper, and packed the meat so carefully. He saw the sealer put on the covers in an automatic machine and label them with bright pictures of the sea.

How interesting a can of lobsters was when one knew it all from the start to the finish! One of the boys promised to take Robert with him to the traps to see them hauled and set with bait to catch the crusty fellows.

He had a long talk with the boss of the factory who gave him two cans to send home to his mother. What a story he could send with those cans!

"Ain't sick, are ye?" asked one of the boys trying to be friendly.

"No," answered Robert; "Why?"

"Why, eatin' so much lobster before breakfast; I'll warrant you never had no breakfast yet; they sleep long at Sythe's. Didn't allus do it. My daddy knew old Sythe to begin with; mean old sinner and ole Missus Sythe thinks she's some punkins. Can't fool us folks on her age."

Robert knew that he must not talk about his employer with others and he did not want to rebuff the first attempt at friendship offered him by the boys. He was puzzled what to say when one of them passed him a package of cigarettes.

"Thanks, I don't smoke," said Robert.

"Why; any reason?" asked Tom Jones, a strapping big fisher lad.

"Well, I never got in the habit. My father was an overseas man who 'went west'; I felt that I couldn't use any of my mother's pension for what was not a necessity. She always taught me to stretch my money like rubber. Then when I began my athletics I could not smoke for fear of what it would do to my wind."

"Huh! So you play ball and such?"

"Sure," answered Robert; "that's all the exercise a town boy gets."

"Well, we get enough of it," said Tom.

"It sure is interesting when you get playing or running; you don't mind watching your habits so as to keep fit," said Robert. "Do you play ball?"

"Never larned; we go fishin' as soon as we can walk proper and then we don't get much time. I have watched the high nobs play tennis and soft ball. I think I could if I had a chance to try."

"Of course you could," answered Robert; "all you want is some practice and an outfit, and you would be able to play. You can run, can't you?"

"I never tried much; guess I could, though; I got the equipment for that, anyway," and Tom laughed.

"Well," said Calvin Bates, "we never got in society far enough for anyone to take any interest in us."

"You don't have to be in society," answered Robert. "All you want is good health and habits."

"Well," answered Tom, "we got plenty of the first, but mighty few of the last. What do you say, Jim?"

* * *

JIM RICKSON, a big healthy-looking fellow who had said so little that he was not noticed in the chatter, answered slowly, "Yes, we have not much of anything but hard work, but we have enough time to do lots else than lay around the shore and tell jokes. If we had a leader I reckon we could run, jump or play ball with any of them. We have healthy bodies, thanks to all the hard work on the salt sea, and a few cigarettes less won't hurt us. I never tasted beer in my life, so that won't be any loss."

"It is no gain to anyone," said Robert. "Boys, what would you say to a proposal to start an athletic club?"

"An athletic club!" all echoed. "How could we have a club?" "Where could we meet?" "Who would come to a club we started?" were some of the

(Please turn to Page 10.)

Guards at the Dam

By Gordon Philip England.

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IMPORTANT PEOPLE

"SLIM" BENTLEY eighteen, bent on serving Canada in some way, though excluded from the Army by a slight physical defect.

TERRY GORMAN, his cousin who helps him take charge of the fish hatchery "somewhere in Quebec". CAPTAIN KINGSLAKE, Commander of the Frontiersmen guarding the nearby dam, power plant and textile factory.

Terry sees a strange motorcyclist spying on the dam. He gives chase but the spy gets away.

INSPECTOR HEALY of the R.C.M.P. visits the hatchery and Slim, who is trying to join the Frontiersmen, is eager to win the Mountie's approval. To his horror the Mountie turns out to be a spy in disguise, intent on blowing up the dam. Slim's attempted resistance is quickly overcome. Shut in his workroom upstairs, Terry tries to think why he feels suspicious of the Mounties. Suddenly the truth dawns on him. A desperate message from Slim, transmitted by the electric bell in a series of code signals, warns Terry that he must stop the saboteurs.

(Concluded.)

TERRY glanced up as the spy entered.

"Hello, youngster," said the intelligence agent with false heartiness; "I'm just having a look around the hatchery. Hope I'm not disturbing you?"

Terry shook his head.

"Not a bit, sir," he replied coolly. "This isn't very important, anyhow. I can finish it some other time, if you'd like me to show you around."

"No, no, don't stop your work on my account," answered the spy hastily. "I'm only staying for a few moments."

He moved over to the bench, glancing curiously at the array of tools on it.

He picked up a ratchet screwdriver and examined it, then turned to inspect a saw.

Out of a corner of his eye Terry covertly watched. Outwardly calm, within he was tingling with excitement.

Suddenly he had been struck by an idea.

If Terry had a weakness, it was his habit of perpetrating practical jokes. Sometimes that habit drove Slim almost to the point of exasperation, for he was always falling into skilfully baited "booby traps."

One such trap—in which Slim had already been caught—was right there in the shop. And the enemy agent was only a foot away from it.

Terry picked up a piece of heavy wire. He held it out.

"Would you care to tighten this up in that vise for me, sir?" he asked, pointing to a steel one clamped near the farther end of the bench.

"Sure, youngster. Glad to help," replied the pretended inspector genially.

Unsuspectingly, he placed the wire between the jaws of the vise and tightened it. "How's that?" he asked, presently.

Terry inspected the wire critically.

"It should be a little tighter, sir," he returned. "I don't want it to slip."

"Oh!" exclaimed the spy. "Well, I'll fix that!"

He caught the handle of the vise in both hands and began to turn.

It was then that he received the surprise of his life!

Like a flash, Terry's hand went under the work bench, pressing a cunningly concealed switch. With an exclamation of startled rage, the victim tried to spring back. But his hands remained clenched tightly about the vise handle.

* * *

THE trap was simple but effective. In a box beneath the bench was a powerful electric battery, which was attached to the vise. The turning of the switch had released the current—quite powerful enough to clench the victim's hands immovably. The spy was fairly caught.

"Don't try to yell for help," warned Terry sharply—"or I'll turn on more power!"

His prisoner glared at him. He spoke hoarsely:

"You impudent young cub! How dare you try your crazy practical jokes on me? Why, I could have you jailed for this! Let me go at once!"

Terry laughed in his face.

"Better take it easy, Lieutenant What's-your-name," he advised—"or you may have apoplexy. You're red as a beet."

The spy *was* red as a beet. Blue veins stood out on his neck and temples and drops of perspiration trickled down into his eyes. When he spoke again, it was in a husky whisper:

"What do you mean? Why do you call me 'Lieutenant'? I'm an inspector."

Terry smiled.

"Well, maybe, mister. But when I saw you in Rome two years ago you were wearing the uniform of a Nazi officer. Or I'm a Dutchman!"

A look of realization came into the enemy agent's eyes. He saw how neatly he had been trapped. These Canadian boys possessed more resourcefulness than he had suspected.

Again, he tried to bluff his way out.

"I don't know what you're talking about," he asserted angrily. "You are making a bad mistake."

Terry shook his head.

"Oh, no, I'm not. You're not a Mountie—but a spy. Yes, and so's your friend downstairs. You two came here to wreck the dam and the factory. Well, you won't!"

* * *

FOR a moment the captive was silent, then he tried again: "If you know so much, boy, what do you think will happen when my friend comes to find me? Then where will you be?"

As if in answer to his question, there suddenly sounded a muffled commotion from below. Furniture was knocked over, and a desperate struggle seemed in progress. And then the noise quieted.

"Unless I'm mistaken," said Terry grimly, "your friend won't do much for a while. Those were the Frontiersmen."

Then came a rush up the stairs and across the attic. The door was flung open and four Frontiersmen burst in. At their head was Campbell.

"There he is," cried Cambell, as he caught sight of the chief spy. "Put up your hands!"

Terry grinned wanly. Now that the danger was over, he felt weak as a kitten. Wearily, he leaned against the bench.

"Don't be silly, Campbell," he said. "He can't move his hands. I've got 'em anchored!"

* * *

NOT much more remains to be told. It all happened nearly a year ago. The war is still on. . . The Battle of France is over and the Battle of Britain is on. But the Empire stands strong and united and every Briton feels that in the end we shall triumph. Meanwhile, Frontiersmen still guard a certain dam and factory "somewhere in Quebec." And, if you ask who that young guard is—that tall, keen-eyed, brown-haired one standing so proudly there in full uniform—you will be told: "Why, don't you know? That's Slim Bentley, the chap who helped catch those two German spies last Fall after they'd captured two Mounties, stolen their uniforms, and come to blow up the dam. Yes, that's Slim. He was taken on not long after that affair."

And Terry? Well, at present writing he's still at the hatchery helping with the work there—for, as he says: "Those who can't go to the war should stay and look after things here at home. And even a fellow with only one arm can do something."

Meantime, Terry takes a great interest in the guarding of the dyke road. Constantly, day and night, Frontiersmen maintain their vigilant patrol.

Still, as Terry says, you never can tell. Sometime, when you're least expecting it, somebody might take another crack at the dam.

Well, maybe. But—if they'll listen to our advice—they won't try it. Not with Slim and Terry around!

The End.

A Calendar for All Thy Life

Not what we have—but what we use!
Not what we see—but what we choose—
These are the things that mar or bless
The sum of human happiness.

The things nearby, not things afar,
Not what we seem, but what we are,
These are the things that make or break,
That give the heart its joy or ache.

Not what seems fair, but what is true,
Not what we dream, but the good we do!
These are the things that shine like gems,
Like stars, in heaven's diadems.

Not as we take, but as we give,
Not as we pray, but as we live—
These are the things that make for peace
Both now and after time shall cease!"
—Selected.

Strength and Unity

IF you would be strong, the peace of God must rule your heart. This peace calms the mind, soothes the heart, makes conscience tranquil, and centralizes power; it regulates all moral difficulties and forwards all moral enterprises.

If unity is desired the peace of God must be sought. This is the only way to reach the true brotherhood of man. Every attempt to establish the unity of mankind, apart from this, has the seeds of failure in itself.—C.E.N.

Never think that God's delays are God's denials. Hold on; hold fast; hold out. Patience is genius.—Savonarola.

"Great God of wisdom, love and might,
Teach me to know and do the right;
Help me along life's thorny way
To do my duty day by day."

Courage

"Love admits of no defeat—though lips may say goodbye — Though blinding tears of sorrow dim the brightness of the eye—Though parting must be borne—though hearts may ache—and castles fall — Love continues—strong and true and steadfast through it all.

"Love looks to the future with a vision high and clear—Walking bravely through the vales of loneliness and fear —Waiting for the happy moment when the clouds roll by—Love is ever hopeful—full of faith—It cannot die.

"Leaving the beloved in the hands of One above, separation has no power to chill the heart of Love—Though the hours are long and dark. In thought no space divides—Today—tomorrow—and through time eternal — Love abides."—Patience Strong.

The Right Place

THE right place for the Church is in the world; but the wrong place for the world is in the Church; just as the right place for a ship is in the sea, but it is absolutely fatal to have the sea in the ship.—S. Chadwick.

Purest and highest, wisest and most just,
There is no truth save only in Thy trust;
Thou dost the mind from earthly dreams recall
And bring to Christ, to Him for whom are all. —Y. H.

Not One Hour

Dear Lord, I'm tired.
. . . So tired!
The unrelenting duties of the day
Have hidden You from thought
Till now,
When I,
Being so tired, cannot pray
As clearly as I ought.

. . . Yet I recall
How Peter in the garden could not keep
An hour's watch with You.
. . . You understood.
Forgive me, Lord,
If I, too, fall asleep.
—Garry Lyle in N. S. W. P.

Have a heart that never hardens, and a temper that never tires, and a touch that never hurts.—Dickens.

Nature the Teacher

Come forth into the light of things
Let nature be your teacher.

* * *

She has a world of ready wealth
Our minds and hearts to bless;
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
Truth breathed by cheerfulness.
—W. Wordsworth.

WORD FOR THE DAY

Sun. : Thou calledst in trouble, and I delivered thee.—Psalm 81:7
Mon. : I am the Lord thy God who brought thee out of the land of Egypt.—Psalm 81:10
Tue. : But My people would not hearken to My voice.—Psalm 81:11
Wed. : They walked in their own counsels.—Psalm 81:12
Thu. : O that My people had hearkened unto Me.—Psalm 81:13
Fri. : I should soon have subdued their enemies.—Psalm 81:14
Sat. : With honey out of the rock should I have satisfied thee.—Psalm 81:16

Two Tons of Bibles

"WHY are you taking so many Bibles to Chungking? Who wants them?" The customs inspector asked this, as two truckloads of Bibles were passing his bureau, and he found his answer in the sheaf of advance orders that was shown him.

These orders were from students in government universities and from high officials; two aviators were waiting for Testaments; a superintendent of churches to Honan Province begged for $1,000 worth; a Chinese pastor needed three hundred Bibles for an evangelistic campaign in his district. There were requests for Testaments to be given to students in training for rural service and to sick and wounded soldiers.

Two tons of Bibles were shipped last summer to Chungking by truck from Haip-Hong in French Indo-China, this trip of 1,100 miles being made in ten days, without mishap.

The British and Foreign Bible Society reports an increase of 203,000 copies of the Bible over the figures for the previous year, the number for this year being 2,296,000. Three-fourths of the world's missionary supply of the Scriptures has been coming from English, Scotch, Dutch, French and other European societies, now drastically affected by the war. British societies have valiantly undertaken, in the face of a 37% tax increase, to supply Scriptures for their soldiers, and this has cut into the budget for foreign mission fields. Who wants Bibles? In spite of tragic difficulties, the demand has never been so great.—The Evangelical Christian.

Eternal Word

"WE must turn to the philosophy of Jeremiah," Mr. Roger Hicks told a recent conference "somewhere in England." "There we have the philosophy that has stood the test of centuries. 'Listen to the Eternal word, O house of Jacob, and all families of the house of Israel.' Jeremiah said to his people. 'What did your fathers find wrong with me that they went far from me? My people have done double wrong. They have forsaken me, the reservoir of fresh water, and hewn out cisterns for themselves, leaky cisterns that can hold no water.

"'Listen you foolish, senseless folk, it is your crimes that keep such blessings back, your sins that spoil your welfare. Only acknowledge your guilt and confess you have rebelled against the Eternal your own God and refused to listen to my voice says the Eternal. O land, listen to the word of the Eternal!' Jeremiah cries. This is the message for England today. We must call upon England to listen to God just as Jeremiah called on his nation.

Young People's Bible Reading

"How Much More"

by BEREAN

For Sunday JAN. 26, Luke 15:1-10

WORD went round through every village and town in Perea of our Lord's wonderful, loving deeds and words. "Great multitudes" followed Him. He warned them that discipleship might be a costly thing.

Hateth (14:26)—Jesus was an Eastern teacher. He trusted in the common sense of His Eastern hearers to understand Him. He meant that they must love the new way of life supremely. Families would be divided. It would seem as if disciples "hated" those who were dearest to them. They would be subject to bitter persecution. They must count the cost. Otherwise, if they failed when the test came, they would be like salt that had lost its saltness.

"This Man"

CROWDS still flocked to him. The thought of facing difficulties and risks with such a Leader attracted them. Perhaps if we touched this note a little more our religion would succeed better.

"It is not to taste sweet things but to do noble and true things that the poorest son of Adam dimly longs. Show him the way of doing that and the dullest day drudge kindles into a hero." (Carlyle) We can see this in Britain today.

We have the same Leader as the poor people in Perea long ago. We should be equally faithful and fearless.

Those who most of all crowded round our Lord were the despised classes, the spiritually "poor, maimed, lame and blind," to whom He had been so kind.

All—"A favorite word with Luke. He loves the universal." (Adeney)

Publicans.—Tax collectors. They paid so much for the privilege of collecting the taxes. There was no fixed rate, so they dragged out of the people "as much as the traffic would bear." They were hated, first because they collected from their own people for a foreign government, and secondly because of their dishonesty and rapacity.

Sinners.—Those who neglected ceremonial prescriptions were included with really wicked people as "sinners." These with the publicans were ostracized by "respectable" people. Jesus, Who knew men's hearts saw that many in these despised classes longed for better things.

Down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;
There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold;
But one was lost on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold.
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

* * *

But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through
Ere He found His sheep that was lost,
Out in the desert He heard its cry,
Sick and helpless and ready to die.

* * *

And all through the mountains thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of Heaven,
'Rejoice I have found My sheep.'
And the angels echoed around the throne,
'Rejoice for the Lord brings back His own.'

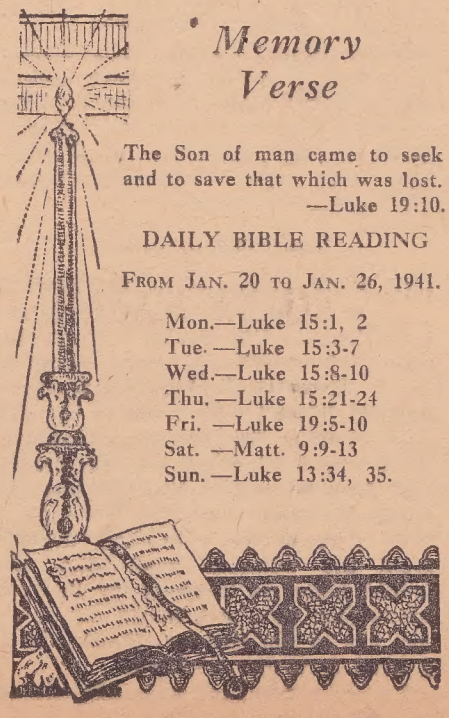
—*Elizabeth C. Clephane.*

Touched by a loving hand, wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.

Were drawing near (R.V.)—"This seems to mean that all the people of the classes mentioned were in the habit of flocking about Jesus wherever he went. But the movement appears to have been growing. These people were more and more attracted to him." (Adeney)

Receiveth.—Welcomes or entertains. The word is used by St. Paul in asking his friends to welcome travelling fellow-Christians. (Rom. 16:2; Phil. 2:29)

Eateth with them.—This in the eyes of the Pharisees and scribes added to His offence. As we have seen, eating together has in the East almost a religious significance. It is a symbol of brotherhood. It is "communion."



Memory Verse

The Son of man came to seek and to save that which was lost.
—Luke 19:10.

DAILY BIBLE READING

From Jan. 20 to Jan. 26, 1941.

Mon.—Luke 15:1, 2
Tue.—Luke 15:3-7
Wed.—Luke 15:8-10
Thu.—Luke 15:21-24
Fri.—Luke 19:5-10
Sat.—Matt. 9:9-13
Sun.—Luke 13:34, 35.

The Lost Sheep

WHAT man of you.—Our Lord illustrates his point by a very human trait. If you lose a stamp from your collection or a book from your set it immediately takes on a special value. Once when I was a very small boy one of my toys went astray. I didn't care about playing with the others till I had found the missing one. My mother told me about this story in the Bible and set me to spelling it out for myself.

The Eastern shepherd knows his sheep individually and loves them each one. Every man to whom our Lord spoke, if he were a shepherd, would have done as the shepherd did in the parable.

Our Lord wishes to show that His concern for the lost is natural and reasonable. "He is only doing for souls what any man among them would do for his sheep. . . . One out of a hundred; yet the greatest concern is felt for this one." (Adeney)

In the wilderness.—The usual summer pasturage, not the desert. They would be enclosed in a fold or looked after by another shepherd. They were not in danger.

"The point of the parable is not the neglect of the ninety-nine. The leaving them is only mentioned to emphasize the importance of the search for this one." (Adeney)

And think of the poor stupid sheep! It thought that if it could once get away from the shepherd's control it would "have a good time." That was the way with the young man in the third parable. How bitterly both were mistaken!

Until he find it.—One can feel how Luke with his strong, evangelical, hopeful spirit loved this phrase. God never gives us up. "The search is to be continued until it is succesful."

(Please turn to Page 8.)

"Let Me Come Along!"

CHINA'S MILLIONS tells of an old man who sat regularly on the front seat at chapel services in Fenghwa, Chekiang. He always listened intently and sometimes gave surprisingly intelligent answers to questions asked him. This was during the sessions of a ten-day Bible School. On the last day, the message was on the text "Be ye doers of the Word, and not hearers only."

A meeting was held the next day to consider the possibility of forming preaching bands to go out to villages that have, as yet, no Christians living in them, and volunteers were called for. Some young men offered their services for a week at a time; and then this old man got up and said: "I am stupid and cannot preach like you young men, but I would like to do something for the Lord, too. When you go out preaching, let me come along and be your coolie—I'd like to carry your baggage for the Lord's sake." Having been a hearer for ten days, he now wanted to be a doer.—Sel.

Nature is too thin a screen; the glory of the omnipresent God bursts through everywhere.—Emerson.

Stradivarius, famous Italian violin maker, also made guitars, some of which still are extant. He is best known for his violins.

"HOW MUCH MORE"

(Continued from Page 7.)

(Adeney) Read Francis Thompson's wonderful poem, "The Hound of Heaven."

Layeth it on his shoulders.—"Indicative of the great trouble to which the man will put himself." (Adeney)

The rabbis have a lovely story of how when Moses tended Jethro's flock a lamb (or a kid) went astray. Moses went after it till he found it, and as he knew it must be weary carried it back on his shoulders. God was pleased and said, "Since thou hast shown pity in bring back a man's beast, thou shalt be the shepherd of my flock Israel all thy life long."

If you have a chance look up Blackmore's "Lorna Doone" and read how John Ridd rescued the sheep in "the great snow" and carried them home two at a time. It would be a good story to tell the children.

"On no image did the early church dwell with more fondness than this (of the Good Shepherd). . . Many gems, seals, fragments of glass and other relics have reached us, in which Christ is thus portrayed. It is frequent also in bas-reliefs, on sarcophagi, and paintings in the catacombs." (Trench)

THE HUMAN WAY

(Tune: Finlandia)

O Saviour Christ Who trod this human way
Where sunny skies are interchanged with gray,
And roses give their fragrance to the air
Then drooping die,
In dust to lie;
Be with us in all weathers, foul or fair,
To be our Guide
Whate'er betide.

—Hymns for Our Times.

Dean Stanley called the religion of the early church "the religion of the Good Shepherd." Sometimes in the early pictures the Shepherd carries a kid across his shoulders instead of a lamb. Matthew Arnold makes this the text for a very beautiful little poem.

Rejoicing.—This is another word greatly loved by Luke, the most joyous of the Evangelists.

This joyous note is especially significant in the three parables in this chapter. "It is Christ's answer to the chill indifference of Pharisaism and its sour cynicism." (Adeney)

Calleth together.—The man's delight is so great that he must call in his friends to join in the rejoicing. "It affords us a charming picture of simple village life."

Joy in heaven.—All heaven rings with joy when one life is brought back to God.

That repenteth.—"This is significant. The Pharisees had not perceived that in receiving sinners Jesus was receiving penitents." (Adeney)

Which need no repentance.—Spoken in irony. Our Lord's critics thought they did not need repentance. They needed it even more than the "sinners". Much of the "righteousness" of which they were proud consisted in minute ceremonial observances.

The Piece of Silver

OR what woman.—The first parable was pastoral, this is domestic and is as true to life as the other. The "piece of silver" was worth about 15 cents. It was a good day's wage for a peasant laborer. It meant a lot to a poor woman. Perhaps more than once when our Lord was a boy His mother had dropped a coin like this and He remembered the hunt they had for it.

Or perhaps the coin had dropped from the woman's head-dress. She would feel that it destroyed its symmetry just as a girl would feel if she lost one of the buttons off her coat or a bead from her necklace.

I asked a small boy in Sunday School to tell this story in his own words. He spoke of the woman as hunting for the coin "among the tin cans and things." There were no "tin cans" when the parable was spoken, but the boy had the right idea. The story was real to him. That is more important than historic accuracy.

Light a lamp. (R.V.)—"The house is dark; it is a peasant's hut without any window."

Until she find it.—"Observe again, the search is continued . . . until it is successful." (Adeney)

Her friends and neighbors.—The words are feminine. The woman is so overjoyed that she runs out to tell the other women who live near. They will come in and she will tell the whole story. And the good neighbors will rejoice with her because they also know what the loss of a day's pay would mean in budgeting for their households.

Joy in the presence of the angels of God.—"A fuller description of the joy in heaven. (v. 7) It is not merely the angels rejoicing. . . . This must be the joy of God Himself overflowing and filling heaven." (Adeney)

And I think another meaning is included. Those who have "passed on" rejoice "in the presence of the angels" when one life on earth is brought back to God.

That repenteth.—"This essential point is repeated." (Adeney) The reference to the "righteous persons" has been made. It is not necessary to repeat it.

The Parable of the Lost Son (vv. 11-32) does not come into our study. But I hope we shall all read it. It is the most beautiful of all the parables. Every line in it is worth thinking over.

The three parables are our Lord's reply to the criticism in v. 2. The whole purpose of His life was "to seek and to save that which was lost." (19:10) The three parables carry the great thought which He ever emphasized, that if ordinary men and women love with all-conquering love "that which was lost," how much more does God! When we sin we wound the loving heart of God. This thought, if we have left His side, should drive us back to Him. Better still, let us never stray but "abide in His love."

QUESTIONS

1. Why did the Pharisees and scribes murmur against our Lord?
2. What story did He tell them?
3. "There shall be joy in Heaven—" Complete the clause.
4. What was the second story?
5. "There is joy ——" Complete the verse.
6. What was the third story?
7. What did our Lord teach by these stories?
8. "The Son of Man ——" Complete the verse.

(For Answers Please turn to Page 14.)

He Painted Only Holy Things

An artist of long ago from whose works are taken some of the pictures on our Christmas Cards today.

By Julia Graydon

(ALL RIGHTS RESERVED)

AWAY back in the fourteenth century, in the year 1387, a little baby was born in a mountain home near Vecchio, Italy. It was a happy home, and the child, whose name was Guido da Pietro, was a bright, happy child and very pure and gentle,—so gentle that in later years he was called "Fra Angelico," "Gentle (or Angelic) Brother."

Guido and his brother, Bendetto, grew up together in their home in the mountains. Their father and mother were well off and they had many pleasures, but none they enjoyed more than rambling over the country, for they loved the trees, birds and flowers; and Guido loved especially the colors of the flowers, and roses and pinks he loved best of all.

Now Guido lived at a time when his country was passing through war and desolation. The popes ruled in Rome and in Florence the de Medici family had risen to prominence, a prominence which lasted for three centuries. Cosmo de Medici, the founder of the family, was called "The Father of His Country." He founded the Library of San Marco and the Florentine Academy.

These were the early days of the Renaissance, a new birth of literature and art, and Guido and Bendetto heard much of the wonderful things which were being accomplished by the men of their time; and had they lived to the end of that century, the fifteenth, they would have heard of their great countryman, Columbus, who discovered our own America. In the evenings they used to sit under the olive and fig trees and talk about what they wanted to do in the world. Bendetto said, "I want to paint," and Guido said, clasping his hands together, "I want to go and live with the monks, Bendetto, and paint frescoes on the walls, as they did years ago in Egypt."

Then there were days when they went to play in the grounds of the big villa near their home. One game they played was called "Mona" and it was played in this way: two players stood opposite each other, and at a given signal each raised his hand, holding up one or more fingers, and called out what he guessed the total number of fingers was as shown by himself and his adversary. If only one player guessed right he scored a point, but if both were right or both wrong nothing was scored. The game was played rapidly, which made it more exciting.

* * *

BUT Guido tired of all these things as he grew older and by and by he and Bendetto went to the monastery at Fiesole and asked to enter it; so that we find him, at the age of twenty, doing his tasks with the other monks, for each young monk had a special task to perform. Some worked in the ground and were called farmer monks, and others painted pictures and were called artist monks, and Guido became one of the latter, for all his life he had longed to become a painter.

As printing was not yet known, Guido, now called Fra Angelico, began to decorate the religious books. He sat in a straight-backed chair and used black ink and a reed pen, and also brushes and plenty of color. And, remembering the trees, birds and flowers of his childhood days, he painted them on the pages, so that when finished each page looked like a piece of beautiful embroidery.

His work took days and months and years, but he kept at it faithfully. A little later he began to paint angels and we are told that his skill in painting them has rarely been equalled. His favorite colors were blue and gold, and he painted his angels in easel pictures and on the bare walls of the convent. His angels have been reproduced as panel pictures and on Christmas cards. The ones most familiar to us are taken from the border of a picture in the Uffizi Gallery in Florence called "The Madonna of the Tabernacle."

Fra Angelico always prayed before he began to paint, for he believed that God directed his brush; he succeeded as much by his faith as by his art, and "he paved the way for the men who came after him." As his eyes were mostly on holy things, he painted accordingly. There is a legend told that one day when he was tired he fell asleep, and while he slept angels finished his picture.

* * *

AFTER Fra Angelico had lived eighteen years in Fiesole, the monks were called to the Convent of San Marco in Florence. So they all marched down the hill one day and into Florence, and they chanted psalms as they went. Fra Angelico was asked to decorate the walls of this convent and it was there that he painted one of his most beautiful pictures, "The Madonna of the Star," which has been called a gem,—"The Madonna enveloped in a dark blue cloak drawn around her head like a Byzantine veil, a single star above her brow, holds the child fondly and he nestles with affection against his mother."

Another wonderful picture is the "Coronation of the Virgin," which hangs in the Louvre. It shows the Saviour setting a diadem upon the head of the Madonna; twelve angels are playing harps and viols and below them stand a crowd of holy figures and saints, among them St. Cecelia, crowned with roses. The faces are full of joy and a holy calm. Some one writes of this picture: "It is as though painted by an angel, or saint," and, knowing that the painter painted from ideals in his mind which in answer to prayer were revealed to him, we can easily see why it appears so.

Other pictures of his are "The Annunciation," "Crucifixion" or "Adoration of the Cross," his largest but not his best work, "Descent of Christ into Hades" and "The Last Judgment."

Finally, Fra Angelico's fame reached Rome and the Pope asked him to come to the Vatican and decorate a chapel with frescoes from the histories of Saint Lawrence and Saint Stephen. And later he was asked to take the archbishopric of Florence, but he refused. The Pope said of him, "A man who can paint such pictures must be a good man and one who will do well whatever he undertakes."

These words, which have been written of "The Annunciation," are what might be said of each painting—"It tells the sacred story faithfully." And, summing up in a general way, what really makes his paintings great, another writer says: "Every part contributes to that unity of tenderness, inspiration and religious feeling which marks his pictures."

Fra Angelico died in Rome in the year 1455, aged sixty-eight years, a man "as devout and angelic as his trumpet-blowing angels."

As we study the lives and pictures of other great painters, we will discover what really makes a picture great and will know how to judge pictures for ourselves. And we will also find that greatness does not need a cloistered cell. Mingling with the world is harder, but it brings out the best that is in us oftentimes and even our hardships are best teachers, as we shall find out in some of the incidents to be related of other great painters later.

(This is the second article in our series on the world's great painters.)

There is a right way of doing everything.

The Chums Mail Bag

DEAR CHUMS,—

Your "How To Keep Fit" letters" are most welcome. It has been fine to have them coming in during the past week. Every letter that tumbles into our Mail Bag has an air of mystery about it till it's opened. Who knows what "dynamite" it may contain? On the grounds of the interest shown since the New Year, we have decided not to close this section of the contest until February the 15th. Those who have not yet written their letters on "How to Keep Fit to Serve Canada" remember that date. Your letters must be mailed so as to reach me *on* or *before* February 15th. Here's hoping you all enjoy the new continued story, "Behind the Counter" (Page 3 of this issue) and that all who enjoy the Northern Messenger will remember to write to the Mail Bag and be sure to tell what things you like best and which Messenger features you would like to have increased. Cheerily yours,

YOUR LOVING AUNT RUTH.

* * *

Dear Aunt Ruth:—Here I am at last. To begin with, I hope you had the merriest Christmas ever and will have a bright and happy New Year.

I have been slow to write, but that does not mean I am less interested in the Northern Messenger. On the contrary, I look forward to the cheer it brings each week, and have enjoyed especially the Christmas stories and poems. I was very happy to receive Christmas greetings from Ethel Varnay,and may I wish her a Happy New Year. I am writing a letter to Ethel perhaps she will be my penpal.

I am writing a letter on "How to Keep Fit to Serve Canada." I intended to enter this contest sooner but was very busy since I started school on the first of November.

I think that this "keeping fit" should be one of our New Year resolutions so that each and everyone of us may help Canada in a new way.

In closing I might say that many other girls here enjoy the Northern Messenger.

Best wishes to all concerned in the publishing of this paper. May they have a prosperous and glad New Year. Sincerely,—Geraldine Clarke.

P. S. I have a Maple Leaf Badge and push pencil, but have not yet a blue pin. I am very interested to know what it is like though.

New Year Wishes

Season's Greetings to you, Ernie. May all your hopes and wishes for 1941 be fulfilled.

Many thanks for Christmas message. That was a very happy surprise for us. Looking forward to seeing you sometime this year. Cheerio and best wishes from all at '369.'

"How to Keep Fit to Serve Canada"

I BELIEVE that during this war it is more important than ever to observe the rules of health, and thus lay the foundations for a healthy Empire.

Once we have formed good habits they are just as easy to keep as bad ones, and just as hard to break. But at Christmas time I fear many of us do put them aside. We eat more candy and rich foods than are good for us, stay up late at night, go to picture shows etc. Many children would be glad to have even bread and a place to sleep right now. Would it not be much better to give our excess money to the Red Cross or some such charity?

In our school we knit socks, scarves, caps and afghans for the men overseas. Many of us save our pennies for the Red Cross or for War Savings Certificates instead of buying gum, candy or some such thing.

We should not be idle "for there is always mischief for idle hands to do." We must develop strong minds as well as bodies, we must abstain from any alcoholic drinks.

Let us be thankful for our health and guard it well, for only when we have lost it do we realize that "good health is better than riches." If there is no gold left after the war we can still have healthy bodies and minds with which to work, and we will be happy.

So as the New Year begins let us each make this resolution: "I will endeavour to serve Canada and the Empire by observing all the rules of health, and by helping others to do them".

May God bless us with a happy New Year and peace of mind, body and soul. Sincerely,—Geraldine Clarke.

This Week's Star Correspondent

GERALDINE CLARKE

Honorable Mention

JANE E. HANES

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums;—I have been a constant reader of your page for some time and to-day I will try to interest someone, I hope. There have been some very interesting letters written on this page in the year 1940 which would be rather hard to compete with.

I am having a splendid holiday made better by a few extra days. After the holidays I will be starting back to school again as usual.

These days it has been so dark and dreary, and has been raining so hard here that it has quite spoiled all thoughts of outdoor skating.

I am our family 'book-worm'. I have just finished reading 'Little Men' by Louisa M. Alcott (which I have read many times before). I also liked 'Little Women' very much. No matter how many times I read these books I still shed tears over some parts and have to hold my sides with laughter at others. I wonder how many readers of this page are the same?

Christmas was a very happy day this year and I received many things I had wished for. I am sure though that, often during the day, a great many of us turned our thoughts to our boys overseas.

I guess I will say goodbye for now and 'Happy New Year' to everyone. Your Chum,—Jane E. Hanes.

BEHIND THE COUNTER

(Continued from Page 4.)

questions showered on Robert. He told them they could start an athletic club if enough would get together and secure enough members to do active work. After a while they decided to hold their first meeting that very evening and then they would draw up their rules and regulations. Then and there was launched the T.P.C. that did so much for the boys of that village. Robert, looking at his watch, discovered that it was eight o'clock. He had spent more time than he had meant to talking to the enthusiastic boys about the proposed club. He said he must run along or he would miss breakfast.

"Won't miss much but some corn flakes," called Tom after him.

"He sure is a jolly good fellow," said one of the boys as Robert ran quickly towards the Sythe home.

(To Be Continued.)

QUEER PETS

By M. B. Fox

For the Messenger

WE all love our pets. Kittens, dogs, rabbits, ponies—these are perhaps the most common. But these are not by any means all the pets in the world. Sometimes we come across very strange ones—animals and birds which most of us would never dream of petting.

I have lately heard of a very, very curious pet indeed. It is no other than the duck-billed platypus—part fish, part bird, part animal, found in only one country in the world. People have always thought that it could never really be tamed, so as to become a pet. But at last a man has succeeded in doing so.

This queer creature lives in Australia—that island country about at the other side of the world from most of us, where they are having night when we are having day, summer when we are having winter, the only country where kangaroos live. Pictures of it and the story of its oddities are given in some geography books, but we will take a look at him first hand.

* * *

AT first when you see a platypus you are sure to notice its big bill —"Oh, it's some kind of duck!" you exclaim." See—it's got a bill like a duck, only bigger!"

Then you look it over, and decide at once that its body does not look much like a duck. Some one shows you an egg "it" has laid—"Well, if it lays eggs it must be a bird of some kind!"

But—alas! Up come its babies and begin to draw milk from their mother as do baby-kittens from the mother-cat or calves from the mother-cow. Birds never do that; so then you decide, "Oh it must be some kind of animal, after all—who ever heard of a duck feeding its children that way!"

Then, in a while there is a splash! and off into the water goes this queer creature which at first you had decided was a bird, and then concluded must be an animal. Now, you say, "Mercy me, it's a fish, too—it's swimming just like one!" But after it's had its swim it comes to the edge of the water and walks up over the bank and away.

Who ever heard of a fish walking! So, it can't be really a fish. And look how it's walking! Like no other creature under the sun—it's walking with its feet, or hands, doubled up there at the end like fists, and—listen! it's talking, or rather sort of talking—a queer kind of chuckle down in its throat. It has a voice.

But although it's such a queer looking creature, this platypus, it cannot hurt you. That big flat bill is so soft that it can scarcely break up the earth-worms of which it is so fond.

And now they are making a new stamp down in Australia and putting a picture of the platypus on it—no wonder!

THE BOUNDS OF PERFECT RECOVERY

THERE is an engineering term frequently used by bridge builders. It is that a bridge must be so strongly constructed that it will bear the heaviest load ever likely to be placed on it and come back to "perfect recovery" in point of vibration and movement of material once the load has passed over it. A bridge that is weaker than that will not be a safe bridge for very long.

Practically the same should be true of us in our human engineering plans for ourselves. It means that we need to work and play with good judgement intelligence, and discretion. If we over-work or burn the candle as the saying goes, at both ends, the time comes, and that too, before too long, when we have undermined our health or so weakened our resistance that we will be subject to disease or nervous exhaustion. Then it takes some time to recover, and there is a question whether or not an adequate and perfect recovery can often be made.

* * *

RECREATION is really (or should be) re-creation or building up and strengthening—a re-enforcement of vital forces. Any sports, games, or form of spending leisure time which tears down in place of building up, is not desirable because it puts us out of the zone of "perfect recovery" of physical equilibrium.

There is no such word as "de-creation," but if there were, we could think of it as the opposite of "re-creation." When we stop to think about it, it is decidedly silly to take time off for the purpose of injuring ourselves in any way, shape or manner.

* * *

IT may be necessary sometimes in a case of emergency, to put ourselves through an extra strenuous effort or series of efforts in order to prevent a catastrophe. Such an example would be, to rescue a drowning person, to bring a child out of a burning building or to avert an accident of some kind.

But in the general routine of living we will show more ability to reason things through when we are careful to hold ourselves in what we do in work or play, to the bounds of perfect recovery.

Perhaps a simple rule to insure this might read something as follows:

Get sufficient sleep regularly.

Eat a wholesome, well-balanced diet.

Attend to the physical condition of eyes, ears, teeth, digestion, etc., in order to keep the whole system functioning at its normal best.

Spend less than you earn.

Cultivate the habit of feeling kindly and of looking for the best in the people around you.

Cultivate cheerfulness, courtesy, and the spirit of unselfishness helpfulness towards others.—Janet Richards.

IS BEER BEST?

(*With apologies to Rudyard Kipling*)

If you would have the joy and bliss of winning,
And doing things that make a life worth while,
If you e'en now would make a right beginning
And not your being, given of God, defile;
If you want health, life, happiness, and laughter,
And strength to scorn the drunkard's oath and jest,
If you want character to live hereafter,
My friend, reject the lie that BEER IS BEST!

If you would live your life as you are meant to,
And use it for the uplift of mankind,
If you would use the talents God has given you
To show the way to those who are behind,
If you would run the race and, while still running,
Keep fit and win at last the grand contest,
Do thou, O man, the path of drink keep shunning
And don't believe the lie that BEER IS BEST!

If you would keep your mind alert and active
And only see the vision that's worth while,
If you would make the path of life attractive
And help the many lame across the stile,
If you would be a friend to those who need you,
And be a pal to those you find distressed,
If you would be a man and always ring true,
Oh don't believe the lie that BEER IS BEST!

—Stanley Combridge in 'Good Health'

Little Gold and the Beautiful Marble

By A. O. STOTT

A Story About Giving

ALL the Chinese Mission School Boys were fond of playing marbles. Young-lee had four beautiful big ones and indeed they all had one or two except Siao Kying (Little Gold) who never had such a treasure in his life. Sometimes the other boys let him play with their marbles, but when the school bell rang they seized them roughly and mocked him, because he was a t'ao-Vaen (Begrice boy).

Little Gold was not popular for he never had sweet biscuits nor candy to share like the others on Festival days or when their people came to visit them!

Alas! Little Gold only had his great uncle come very seldom, for his parents were dead, and nobody wanted him in this war-torn China. But for some kindly Christian neighbors "Little Gold" must have become a beggar. Here in the Orphans' Home-of-Love he was lucky to find a corner and be well cared for by true friends.

"When Honorable Great-Uncle comes next time I must make him buy me a big many-colored marble," thought Little Gold to himself. "No matter if he says he hasn't a cash, I'll get it out of him somehow." It was some time before the longed-for visit came off and it seemed the old man was poorer than ever. When he had bought his great-nephew two baked Chinese potatoes off a stall he thought he had done his duty well!

* * *

"HONORABLE Old-Head, did you ever play marbles when you were a boy?"

"I expect I did, but my memory now is like a moth-eaten coat, my son."

"Truly Great-One you have forgotten how clever you were at playing marbles. I think I must have got your honorable "peng-zu" (ability) but I 'lose face' with all the other boys because I cannot show forth my great uncle's skill. I burn inside to do so."

And so in the end Little Gold got a fine gaily-colored marble almost better than anyone possessed in the School. It happened that shortly afterwards "Thank God Sunday" came along, the special day which all the Chinese Christians observe like our Harvest Thanksgiving.

Little Gold had never heard about God and Jesus until he was brought to the Mission and at first he took no interest in the church services which most of the boys did not understand very well.

A Chinese Teacher and Missionary therefore decided to start what was called "The boys' own li-pai" (worship). This was held in the big school room which the boys all helped to make like a church. They got to work very early on Sunday morning and had the place beautifully clean and arranged for their own service by ten o'clock.

One boy each Sunday read a simple Bible story, others gave out hymn and chorus sheets, and one of the older scholars learned to play the little organ with the choir doing their part manfully! As all Chinese are born actors, it was not always easy for the Teacher present to keep from smiling at the very clever way in which the Pastor was imitated as well as the Foreign Missionary!

The collection, of course, was a big item in the service, although the boys had very little to give. Still, they seldom came without some tiny coin, whilst some were able to make baskets to sell or do small jobs for which they received a few coins.

* * *

LITTLE GOLD had come to love his Saviour-Friend through these services which he could understand so much better, and when Thank-God Sunday was coming he began thinking about losing face, i.e. being ashamed, in having nothing to give.

"I want to thank Him for loving me so greatly," he said to Mrs. Wong the Matron, "but I've nothing to give Him at all."

"Is that so, Little-Gold? Well, you must tell Him so when you talk to Him tonight."

Little Gold pondered over the Matron's words. Was it quite true he had nothing to give? What about his precious marble, which a boy had offered to buy? No there wasn't much good in telling Jesus he had nothing. What about that Ananias and Sapphira story of last Sunday about the people who pretended they had nothing more to give?

It was a very troubled little boy who went to bed that night, and when he arose next morning, he bravely went to the other boy and offered to sell his marble. But the would-be buyer had not a cent left! So the marble was still his. Still, Little Gold did not feel happy, especially when the boys were singing—

"My all, I give to Jesus,
He must have nothing less."

Then just as the procession was walking up with their gifts Little Gold

(Concluded on Page 14.)

Northern Messenger

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A Christian Service for the Whole Family of the Sunday School Scholar

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Keep your WITS WORKING

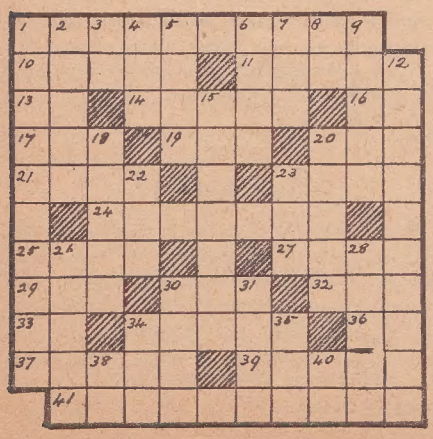
BIBLE CROSSWORD PUZZLE

Down

1. The Books of the Bible. 2 Pet. 3:16
2. An animal used mostly for war. Prov. 21:31
3. Preposition. Prov. 3:5
4. Couch. 2 Kings 4:10
5. Cow house (Scotch)
6. Country. Acts 7:4
7. A species of deer.
8. Preposition. Acts 20:35
9. "The foxes have ——." Luke 9:58
12. The first of the crop. Rom. 11:6
15. An unbeliever. 2 Cor. 6:15
18. Stay for the night. Acts 21:16
20. High priest under Solomon. 2 Chron. 1:22
22. A cereal. Isa. 28:25
23. Seat in a church.
26. Governor. Matt. 25:21
28. A brother greeting Timothy. 2 Tim. 4:21
30. Observances (sing.) Num. 9:3
31. 554.
34. Common prefix to Scotch names.
35. Compass point.
38. Part of verb 'to be'. Matt. 24:44
40. H. D.

Across

1. Ancient password. Judges 12:6
10. An unclean animal. Lev. 11:5
11. Apart. Psalm 38:11
13. Railroad.
14. Liquid food. Rom. 14:17
16. 51.
17. Island. (abbr.)
19. Termination. Luke 1:33
20. A city of Naphtali. Josh. 19:35
21. Place where Balak and Balaam viewed Israel. Numbers 23:28
23. Go. Ex. 12:13
24. At variance. Mark 3:24
25. Goad. Luke 11:53
27. A ravenous beast. John 10:12
29. A garden herb. Luke 11:42



30. A color. Matt. 16:2
32. Land of Syria's captivity. 2 Kings 16:9
33. Syllable meaning 'God' Gen. 28:19
34. Machines for grinding grain. Num. 11:8
36. Fourth book of Moses.
37. The eleventh month. Zech. 1:7
39. A son of Saul. 1 Sam. 14:49
41. Wast given. Luke 16:25

MISSING WORDS

IN each of the following couplets two words are missing which sound the same though they have a different spelling. The numbers of letters in the missing words are indicated by dots.

I . . . . . the lowing . . . .
And then a singing bird.
A . . . . of good advice: increase
Determination for world . . . . .
. . . . hand and foot, the victim cried
He saw the swiftly flowing . . . .
There are . . stale jokes in the show,
As far as folk I've questioned . . . .

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles

Conundrums — 1. Steerage. 2. A small event that is always coming off. 3. When it is read (red). 4. Because it is hard to get down off either of them. 5. Because when you put it in your pocket you double it and when you take it out you find it in creases.

A Fleet of Ships—

1. Citizenship. 2. Transhipp. 3. Hardship. 4. Fellowship. 5. Courtship. 6. Friendship. 7. Clerkship. 8. Directorship. 9. Lordship. 10. Horsemanship.

Bill was chuckling with glee.

"There's a simpleton in this story who thinks that a rowing coach has four wheels," he said to his sister Betty

"How absurd," said Betty. "Why, everyone knows that it floats along."

EBONY HIDE

(Continued from Page 2.)

filled the doorway, and with an amazed exclamation he stooped down.

"What's the matter, Bob?" he cried. "Bushed?"

The rude shaking by Ebony-Hide had stirred Ruthland's senses feebly.

"Tony," he gasped. "Storm-caught. Pull me in."

Cerigo laid hold. Ruthland's figure seemed wedged on the steps somehow.

The Greek peered into the black shadow cast by the shack wall, and as he peered, a flicker of flamelight from his stove struck Ebony-Hide's eyes. An inky shadow within the wall shadow, Tony glimpsed her before the firelight fell. Now Ebony-Hide caught the fresh man-scent of Cerigo. Moreover her wild heart quailed at the flash of man's fire. She released the grip of her teeth on the packsack.

With a swift jerk Tony drew Bob in and slammed the door against the bear. The Greek's coffee pot was simmering on the hot stove-top where he had left it at supper. In two minutes Cerigo had Bob lying in his own bunk, plying him with reviving gulps of hot coffee.

"Will I leave her the packsack, Bob?" grinned Tony as Ruthland's senses came back and he visioned the bear still standing in the trail outside the window.

Somehow Bob vaguely knew that if Ebony-Hide had not heaved on the packsack attached to his shoulders, the Greek foreman would have caught no sound to awaken him.

"Yes, Tony," he nodded weakly, "leave her the packsack."

Tony opened the door and poised to toss it out.

"Remember, Bob, she'll be back every night if you feed her. Do I toss?"

"I'll feed her," vowed Bob. "Go on and toss."

Cerigo heaved the packsack far out within reach of Ebony-Hide's capacious maw. Then he shut the door a second time.

Every night," he reminded Bob.

"I'm game," Ruthland observed. "You know, Tony, a man's life is worth a lot of meals."

Consideration Please

THE sudden illness of our subscription manager, at this busiest time of the year, has resulted in our being a little behind hand in fulfilling and acknowledging Sunday School and personal orders, changing dates on address plates, etc. So we have continued subscriptions beyond their expiry date lest we should cut off many that have been renewed during the week or two we were behind in the posting of renewed subscriptions.

But having secured the help of a former member of the staff and with the team play of other departments, we are in hopes of catching up by the end of the week. Meantime we know our friends will accept this explanation. If after reading this notice any order is still more than one week delayed in being fulfilled, please write us about it at once. We are grateful that more of us did not catch the 'flu at the same time.

YOUR PUBLISHERS.

While the Kettle Sings . . . Try Some of These

FROZEN MAPLE DESSERT

1 1-2 cup maple syrup, 2 egg whites, beaten, 1 cup whipped cream, 1-2 teaspoon vanilla, 1-8 teaspoon salt.

Boil syrup 3 minutes, pour over beaten egg whites and beat until mixture has cooled. Add rest of ingredients and freeze 4 hours. This dessert can also be frozen by packing in mold and burying 4 hours in five parts chopped ice and one part coarse salt.

STRAWBERRY PIE

Bake a pie shell first, then pour in this custard made of

3 beaten eggs, 1-2 cup of sugar, 1-8 teaspoon of salt, 2 cups of milk, or 1 cup of evaporated milk and I cup of water.

Turn this into the baked pastry shell and bake in a slow oven for 30 minutes, or until a silver knife inserted into the centre of the pie comes out clean. Remove and cool the pie. Then arrange 2 cups of canned strawberries without juice over the custard. Top with 1 cup of cream whipped and flavored with 1-2 teaspoon of vanilla.

PINEAPPLE CRANBERRY CONSERVE

2 cups canned crushed pineapple (drained)

2 cups liquid (use juice from pineapple, add water to make two cups)

2 cups granulated sugar,

1 pound cranberries (4 cups)

1-2 cup seedless raisins,

2 oranges—pulp and juice—grated rind of one orange

1-2 cup blanched almonds or chopped walnuts.

Combine sugar and liquid, cook over low heat until sugar is dissolved. Add the cranberries, bring to a boil and cook slowly for five minutes. Add pineapple, oranges, raisins. Cook for about seven minutes, or until thick. Add the nuts and seal in sterilized glasses.

This conserve is good with fowl, ham or cold meats. Also with cream cheese as a happy ending to many a meal.

For Tired Eyes

WHEN eyes ache with weariness or strain, try this simple trick so often done in beauty salons. Lie back in a comfortable chair or lie down on your bed, place a layer of wet cotton or gauze over your eyes, then smooth a lump of ice over it. These damp chilled compresses are wonderfully refreshing and "pick up" not only your appearance but your spirits.

TIME TO DO NOTHING

LUCIA MALLORY

"WOULDN'T you like to stay at the library for a little while, Marianna?" I inquired of the solemn-faced little girl who stood ot my desk in the children's room of the city library. She was returning some travel books she had been using for reference at school, without stopping for even a glance at the shelves of fiction or the reading tables with their magazines and pictures. "We have a new big copy of 'Heidl' with some illustrations I know you'd enjoy—"

"Oh,I'd like to stay, Miss Mallory," the little girl answered hurriedly, "I want to look at all the books in here! But I have to go on to my violin lesson at half past four."

"I thought that you were taking piano lessons from Mrs. Loring, Marianna."

"Oh, yes, but I'm learning to play the violin, too."

"Maybe you can come in tomorrow evening and see the new books," I suggested.

"I have a dancing lesson tomorrow evening. Thursday evening I go to my elocution teacher." Marianna was counting off the days on her fingers. "Friday evening I have swimming at the 'Y'."

"Well, you are a busy girl, Marianna!" I answered, longing to erase the lines of strain from the small face. "The library is open for a whole long day on Saturday. Perhaps you can visit us then."

"Oh, Miss Mallory, I have to practice on Saturday and do my work at home. But I'll try to find time to come and see the new books some day!"

As Marianna hurried away, I wondered how any mother could give a book-loving child so many lessons and schedule her time so rigidly that she could never come to the library and browse through the books at will.

I have no doubt that this weekly program represents Mrs. Morse's ambition to give Marianna an opportunity for development along many lines. Knowng the family's financial circumstances, I suspect that the lessons are procured at the sacrifice of many of the mother's own comforts and pleasures.

Marianna will probably become proficient in music. She will be able to give readings acceptably and perhaps acquire grace and poise through the dancing lessons, but why spend so much time all at once? What of her mental and physical health? So many lessons deny her the periods of rest and recreation that every child needs.

Marianna is growing up amid beautiful surroundings—our little mountain city is called "The Beautiful" by everyone who visits it—yet I doubt if the child ever has time to watch the sunset colors glow and fade across the hills, or drink in the beauty of shady driveways and sunny rose gardens.

Never have I known my little friend to be free to come to the library to spend an hour among the books that she so obviously enjoys, or to sit with other children and discuss their favorite book friends.

I wish that the mother who apportions Marianna's time so devotedly could understand that she needs to give her young daughter just a little time in which, if she chooses, she may do nothing at all—definite hours each week that are never scheduled.

LITTLE GOLD

(Continued from Page 12.)

joined them, and almost without realizing it, he had placed his precious marble on the big brass tray which was held by two boys at the top of the room.

At that moment a ray of bright sunshine fell right across the gifts and it seemed to turn the little globe of glass into a bit of golden glory. But far more beautiful was the joy which filled a little boy's heart, who had given his all on that "Thank-God—Sunday" morning.

(Issued by the National Kindergarten Association 8 West 40th St. New York City, U.S.A.)

ANSWERS TO YOUNG PEOPLE'S BIBLE READING

1. Because He received (welcomed) sinners and ate with them.
2. The Story of the Lost Sheep.
3. "There shall be joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth."
4. The Story of the Lost Piece of Silver.
5. St. Luke 15:10.
6. The Story of the Lost Son.
7. That as the shepherd searched for his lost sheep, as the woman searched for her lost coin; as the father welcomed his lost son, so, but "much more", God longs after and searches after those who have strayed away from Him.
9. St. Luke 19:10.

Successward

This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth; but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein; for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and then thou shalt have good success. —Joshua 1:8.

Northern Messenger

GOD'S PERISTENT PURPOSE

DON'T *you* feel a mighty, persistent, surging forward in the world?—a force that is hidden to the eye but sensed by the finer vision of the soul.

The awful tides of passion, pride and prejudice, envy and hate, greed and fear, these are so obvious that we are apt to think the world is in reverse gear.

But don't let the up-river wind, that makes the surface waves seem to run up stream, fool us. The river has not reversed its flow. It is still running, as the Creator planned, to the sea.

Even so, beneath the sin and suffering and sorrow that seem to be flooding the world we know that God's plan for man is surging ahead.

Indeed there are ample evidences of that if we are wise enough to discern God's Spirit in the actions of men.

Just see how the people of the United States have, of late, surged forward in mighty determination to pool their vast resources with those of Britain and her allies that so the dictator-plague may not merely be stayed, but eliminated from the world.

What an "impressive expression" was that of President Roosevelt, when, on January 6, in his historic message to Congress he declared the public will of his nation to be "committed to the full support of all those resolute peoples, everywhere, who are resisting aggression" and "by this support, we express our determination that the democratic cause shall prevail," and "that principles of morality and considerations of our own security will never permit us to acquiesce in a peace declared by aggressors and sponsored by appeasers. We know that enduring peace cannot be bought at the expense of other peoples' freedom" and "we must all be prepared to make the sacrifices that the emergency demands."

"In the future days, which we hope to make secure, we look forward to a world founded upon four essential human freedoms." These the President detailed as follows:

FOUR ESSENTIAL FREEDOMS

"The first is freedom of speech and expression—everywhere in the world.

"The second is freedom of every person to worship God in his own way—everywhere in the world.

"The third is freedom from want—which, translated into world terms, means economic understandings which will secure every nation a healthy peace time life for its inhabitants—everywhere in the world.

"The fourth is freedom from fear—which, translated into world terms, means a world-wide reduction of armaments to such point and in such a thorough fashion that no nation will be in a position to commit an act of physical aggression against any neighbor—anywhere in the world.

"That kind of world is the very antithesis of the so-called new order of tyranny which dictators seek to create with the crash of a bomb. To that new order we oppose the greater conception—the moral order."

* * *

The genius of the President's message to Congress and, in effect, his message to the world—heartening to the Allies, disquieting to the dictators—is that it declares his vision of the new world order and provides and mobilizes with all expedition, all possible material and moral aid to its achievement. All the world now knows what he is working for, and willing to fight for if need be. Surely the peoples saddled and bridled, spurred and curbed by dictators would wonder (if they were permitted to read the President's message), wherein their so-called new order is better, or even as good as that outlined by the President. Fearing an uncomfortable reaction, the dictators prevented them from getting his message.

Messenger readers who knew the old *Montreal Witness* will recognize that its lifelong objectives and heroic adventures, prophetically ahead of time, were precisely those now laid down by President Roosevelt for the new world order—including the expression of that new world order within his own nation as discussed in the following article.

God has through all time had His witnesses, His prophets. But in days when people are self-satisfied they would rather stone or starve the prophets than heed their message. For their cry of challenge was always that the people should turn from their wicked ways, and, seeking God and His ways, find their life in mutual good will and service.

And this, in effect, is the burden of the President's vision and challenge—and a whole great nation is surging toward its fulfilment.

VICTORY BEGINS AT HOME

THE President dealt with other subjects as important in their way as the war emergency. Listen to him again:

"Certainly this is no time to stop thinking about the social and economic problems which are *the root cause* of the social revolution which is today a supreme factor in the world.

"There is nothing mysterious about the foundations of a healthy and strong democracy. The basic things expected by our people of their political and economic systems are simple. They are:

"Equality of opportunity for youth and for others.

"Jobs for those who can work.

"Security for those who need it.

"The ending of special privileges for the few.

"The preservation of civil liberties for all.

"The enjoyment of the fruits of scientific progress in a wider and constantly rising standard of living.

"These are the simple and basic things that must never be lost sight of in the turmoil and unbelievable complexity of our modern world."

* * *

The logical connection between the two parts of Mr. Roosevelt's message is clear. The victory when it comes must not be a victory for a competitive order in which the weakest goes to the wall. If it is to be of value it must be one in which the strong consecrating his strength will use it for the protection of the weak.

The spirit of the new order must be co-operative rather than competitive—the order of the Kingdom of God, not that of the jungle.

We look to Canadian statesmen to come out as bravely as Mr. Roosevelt for these very attainable ideals. "The inner and abiding strength of our economic and political systems is dependent upon the degree to which they fulfil these expectations."

THE CHIEF SCOUT GONE HOME

LORD BADEN-POWELL of Gilwell, one of the world's greatest of youth leaders and benefactors, "died" on January 8 at his home in Nyeri, Kenya Colony, (Africa). He was eighty-three years of age and had been in poor health for some time. The news

reached us just as this issue was going to press.

We imagine that every Scout organization the world around will note the passing with a few moments of silence. And we would like to think the silence broken with a cheer for Baden-Powell, followed by a repetition of the Scout Promise. We think that is what he would have liked.

Baden-Powell was a descendant of John Smith (1580-1631) of early Virginia fame and had a good deal of the spirit of the old adventurer. He had a distinguished military career, but will best be remembered for his service to youth in the Boy Scout movement.

The movement was started with a few boys and spread in a way that surprised its founder. In the United States it took in two existing boys' associations, Daniel Carter Beard's "Sons of Daniel Boone," and Ernest Seton Thompson's "Woodcraft Indians."

It spread to almost every country in the world. It is significant that the European dictators disbanded the Scouts in their several countries, objecting to the international character of the movement, and replaced it with military organizations.

General Baden-Powell visited Canada a few years ago. One of his services here was bringing the "Life Saving Scouts" of the Salvation Army and the "Scouts Catholique" into close relation with the International Scout movement.

The Scout Promise is—

To do my duty to God and the King;
To help other people at all times;
To obey the Scout Law.

The Law inculcates Honor, Loyalty, Helpfulness, Friendliness, Kindness to Animals, Courtesy, Obedience, Cheerfulness, Thrift, Cleanliness in Thought, Word and Deed.

Lord Somers, at present Red Cross Commissioner in the Middle East, is spoken of as Baden-Powell's successor as Chief Scout. He has been associated with the Founder for many years and is a man of similar spirit and character.

PENMAN'S LIMITED

DIVIDEND NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that the following Dividends have been declared for the quarter ending the 31st day of January, 1941.

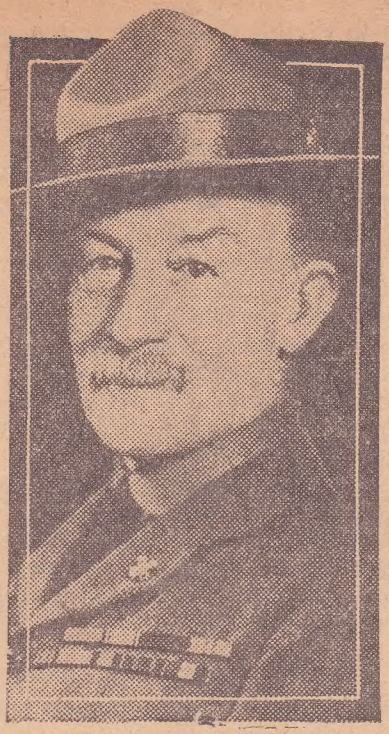
On the preferred Stock, one and one-half per cent. (1½%) payable on the 1st day of February to Shareholders of record of the 21st day of January, 1941.

On the Common Stock, seventy-five cents (75c) per share, payable on the 15th day of February to Shareholders of record of the 5th day of February, 1941.

By order of the Board.

Montreal, January 6, 1941.

C. B. Robinson, Secretary-Treasurer.



LORD BADEN-POWELL
BORN 1857 — DIED 1941

The Scout Sign - "I Have Gone Home"

British Policy

THE British Commonwealth of peoples—who are together as one entity in the titanic struggle against Hitlerism—are not guiltless of self-seeking, of questionable dealings, and of mercenary or oppressive conduct towards weaker races. But these defects . . . are not *characteristic* of British policy, which in fact repudiates them. British imperialism may have been aggressive in the past. . . . But it has carried into all the corners of the world certain basic principles which have made for the progress of humanity, and which would be extinguished if Hitlerism were to triumph in the present war.

The chief of these, perhaps, is government by co-operation, leading ultimately to self-government—the chief, because it is the political embodiment of the free will which is the birthright of every individual, in whatever race, country or social estate he may be born. —Methodist Recorder.

The two great ornaments of virtue which show her in the most advantageous view, and make her altogether lovely, are cheerfulness and good nature.—J. Addison.

More Team Play

"I REJOICE this morning in the fellowship I feel we have together, Ashton, Ont.; Montreal, Que.; Choiceland, Sask.—or rather, Montreal first." So writes Rev. T. A. Woods of Ashton, Ont., in sending another club—this time for 22 copies to Choiceland, an isolated community in the northern part of Saskatchewan.

The papers are to be distributed by a friend to 22 families who have no church, no Sunday School and who have no regular week-by-week help along spiritual lines.

That is a true home mission adventure. There is real fellowship in this service and every evidence that the fellowship is consciously shared brings your editors great joy. In that chain of fellowship the young lady who undertakes the distribution of the papers in that isolated northern district is the most important link. But she could not have done it had the papers not been ordered by our mutual friend and fellow worker, the Rev. Mr. Woods. So he is in his way the most important.

These "self-starter" folk are the people that make the world go round. Without them the life of the relatively inert masses would be much poorer. The Editors will try to make the Messenger worthy of such co-operation and maximum in its service to the readers.

The Messenger is a three-in-one proposition. An illustrated story teller, a spiritual intelligence and inspiration, a family weekly and counsellor in the great events of these tragic but strategic days, these epochal days!

We have heard that a certain Sunday School paper that boasts better appearance is considered insipid by the scholars to whom it is given. The youth of today want something more worth chewing on. And so do their families. We are giving them that, particularly in our weekly excursion into the Bible, (Pages 7 and 8), in our inspirational Page 6, and in our editorial Page 15, etc.

And the Northern Messeger is itself a genuinely missionary adventure, with no axe to grind, no profit incentive.

Isolation is not only to be found in the northern wilds. There are in city parishes people as isolated from church services as are those in Choiceland, and to reach out to them is just as important. Realizing this, it might well become Sunday Schools and Churches to extend some service each week to all the families of the parish, for there are generally one or more in each who cannot or do not get regularly to Church or Sunday School.